

Harp Of The Wild Wind - song lyrics

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HARP OF THE WILD WIND.
Copyright, 1851, by Orramal Whittlesey.
Words by Miss Mary Bradford.
Music by Orramal Whittlesey.

Sweet harp of the wild wind,
Thy soft and mellow strain,
Sweet as the notes of Cherubim
Is wafted o'er the plain.
It speaks of joys and gladness,
It tells of myrth and glee,
While steps of airy lightness
Move to music wild and free.

Now a wail is on the night wind,
That's howling o'er the plain,
And its numbers wild and mournful,
Tell of sorrow and of pain.
They speak of storm and tempest,
Wild horror and despair.
And its numbers chill the life blood,
For the dirge of death is there

Harp, oh, harp of the wild wind,
Wake, oh, wake thee in thy power,
For a spirit tilled with fury,
Rules the tempest in that hour.
For the dread roll of the thunder,
And the fierce rush of the blast,
In angry tones they threaten
This moment is thy last.

Hark! a strain of fairy music
Now rises o'er the storm,
'Tis thee, my harp, that now pours forth
Its sweetest lay of song,
And answers to the storm king,
Who his fury pours on thee,
Thy rage can but awaken
My strings to melody.